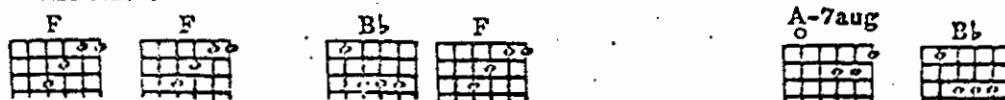


6 One of the very best known of "Hill-billy" songs. This was inspired by the tragic death of Floyd Collins in a sand-stone cave in Kentucky some years ago.

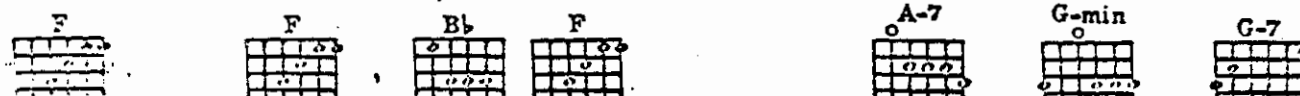
Words by
Rev. ANDREW JENKINS

The Death Of Floyd Collins

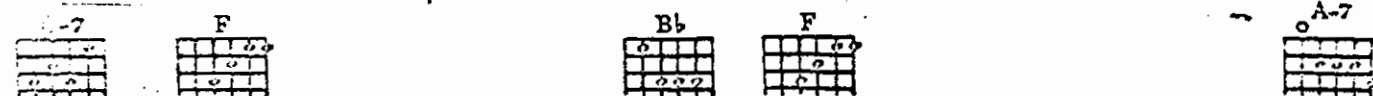
Music by
MRS. IRENE SPAIN.



Oh! come all you young peo - ple And lis - ten while I
How sad, how sad the sto - ry It fills our eyes with
Oh! moth - er, don't you wor - ry Dear fath - er, don't be



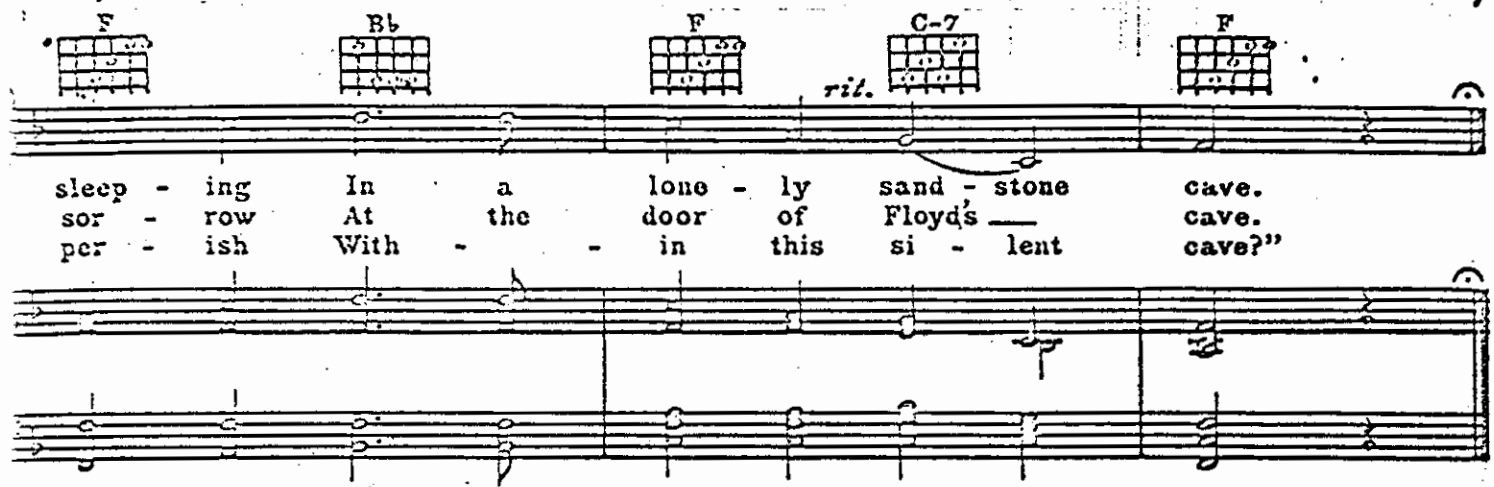
tell The fate of Floyd — Col - lins A lad we all know
tears Its mem'-ries, too, will lin - ger For ma - ny ma - ny
sad I'll tell you all my trou - bles In an aw - ful dream I've



well His face was fair and hand - some, His
years A bro - ken heart - ed 'fa - ther, Who
had I dreamed that I was pris - 'ner, My



heart was true and brave His bo - dy now lies
tried his boy to save Will now weep tears of
life I could not save I cried "Oh! must I



sleep - ing In a lone - ly sand - stone cave.
 sor - row At the door of Floyd's cave.
 per - ish With - in this si - lent cave?"

4

"Oh! Floyd," cried his mother
 "Don't go, my son, don't go
 'Twould leave us broken-hearted
 If this should happen so"
 Tho' Floyd did not listen
 Advice his mother gave
 So his body now lies sleeping
 In a lonely sand-stone cave.

5

His father often warned him
 From follies to desist
 He told him of the danger
 And of the awful risk
 But Floyd would not listen
 To the oft advice he gave
 So his body now lies sleeping
 In a lonely sand-stone cave.

6

Oh! how the news did travel
 Oh! how the news did go
 It traveled thru the papers
 And over the radio
 A rescue party gathered
 His life they tried to save
 But his body now lies sleeping
 In a lonely sand-stone cave.

7

The rescue party labored
 They worked both night and day
 To move the mighty barrier
 That stood within the way
 To rescue Floyd Collins
 This was their battle cry
 "We'll never, no, we'll never
 Let Floyd Collins die"

8

But on that fatal morning
 The sun rose in the sky
 The workers still were busy
 We'll save him by and by
 But oh! how sad the ending
 His life could not be saved
 His body then was sleeping
 In a lonely sand-stone cave.

9

Young people, oh! take warning
 From Floyd Collins' fate
 And get right with your Maker
 Before it is too late
 It may not be a sand cave
 In which we find our tomb
 But at the bar of Judgment
 We, too, must meet our doom.